THE NATION

DECEMBER 23, 1961 . . 25c

The Long Walk for Peace

NEW MISSION to MOSCOW

Barbara Deming

PROJECT ALERT

Robert L. Frye

GI CRIME in GERMANY

John Dornberg

The Charles C. Sherrod Library
EAST TENNESSEE STATE COLLEGE
JOHNSON CITY, TENNESSEE

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LETTERS

Purple Heart

Dear Sirs: That little masterpiece you published titled "Better Dead" by E. U. Condon [Dec. 2 issue] is, to me, the best oblique diagnosis to date of a neglected aspect of the current war psychosis. . . . His idea of a small, heart-shaped bottle to contain the [suicide] pill, to be worn around each American's neck, is ingenious. Even more so is his suggestion that the glass might be of a kind that would turn purple in case the individual was exposed to a lethal dose of radiation: an automatic Purple Heart award to those giving their last full measure of devotion!

RAY SOUTHWORTH
Laguna Beach, Calif.

Dear Sirs: Condon's article goes far toward placing nuclear warfare and its effects on a realistic basis. . . . To reach the mass mind with this message, the use of comic strips could not be surpassed. Imagine the consternation of the wide-eyed housewives if they could follow Orphan Annie debating the great Christian problem: Whether to take the dilaffin pill from her amethyst bottle—or give it to the faithful old hound.

Sheridan, Wyo. D. J. GRIMES

Helpful Warning

Dear Sirs: We read with enthusiastic approval your editorial suggestion, in the Dec. 2 issue, that the government fallout-shelter pamphlets be returned to the White House as a protest against the current civil-defense program. Unfortunately, because of the mail classification under which the pamphlet will be delivered, a "return to sender" designation will result in the pamphlet's being forwarded, not to the White House, but to the dead-letter office. The pamphlet should be replaced in a new envelope, stamped afresh and addressed to the President at the White House, Washington 25, D.C.

(Mrs.) JACKYE HUTCHINS
Berkeley, Calif. Women for Peace

Opinions Not for Sale

Dear Sirs: Lincoln Kirstein's angry ramble (*The Nation*, Dec. 9) from Rembrandt and Crivelli, through Bloomingdale's and Macy's, to "art journalism as distinct from art history or art criticism," contains two errors of fact, if he meant to include *Art News* when he wrote of "those two egregious monthlies, shrewd and poetic as ever, with their complacent treaty between advertiser and reviewer maintaining the pious fiction of the 'independent' criticism of one-man shows."

I have been responsible for assigning competent and often, I believe, brilliant *Art News* critics to review one-man exhibitions in New York for a number of years. . . . The implication that such critics as Fairfield Porter, Frank O'Hara, Mark Roskill, Lawrence Campbell, Stanton Catlin, Jack Kroll, James Schuyler, Irving Sandler, John Ashbery, Parker Tyler, Robert Goodnough and many others are venal, and sell their opinions for advertising, is an intolerable piece of vilification. Apologies are awaited.

The second error of fact is his contention that *The Nation's* Max Kozloff "was the only person in New York who was not snowed by Bernard Reder's portentious trifles at the Whitney." I refer him to *Art News's* review (Nov., 1961).

The possibility that Lincoln Kirstein does not read *Art News* at all is, for its editors, a cheering one. Is the chance too remote that he will stop writing about things of which he is totally ignorant? THOMAS B. HESS
Executive Editor, *Art News*
New York City

Mr. Kozloff's Pre-conscious

Dear Sirs: I am most impressed with Max Kozloff's essays dealing with art. His precise use of language, coupled with sparkling style, fairly pop canvases off the page. The reader cannot help but learn art even while disliking a certain cocksureness buried in the preconscious of Mr. Kozloff's exposition. If this is a fault indeed, it's youth's way of firming its ego. Mr. Kozloff, in my opinion, has nothing to be defensive about. ALAN L. PRICE
Chicago, Ill.

Take Your Choice

Dear Sirs: Nelson Algren's article on Hemingway (Nov. 18) belongs in posterity beside the novels of Hemingway. Algren's greatness is all too slowly recognized. Thanks much for the issue.

Chicago, Ill. GERTRUDE SOLTKER

Dear Sirs: Nelson Algren's interpretation and defense of Hemingway is one of the poorest pieces of literary gobbledygook that you have ever printed. It consists of a series of curiously empty filigrees, fake insights and turgid exclamations — all poorly written. . . . An objective look at Hemingway may be seen in the famous *New Yorker* profile, done several years ago by Lillian Ross. Here we see the picture of a forlorn old man, still projecting his Image with fanatic, mindless energy, fearful that someone might see through it all and discover the real Don Ernesto beneath the mask. DOUGLAS E. BLAKELY
Los Angeles, Calif.

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 23, 1961
VOLUME 193, No. 22

THE NATION

EDITORIALS

Britain and America in the Congo

As far as a sovereign nation can play a moral and Christian role in this world of strife and self-seeking, the United States has managed to accomplish just that in the last few weeks of maneuvering over the fate of the Congo. It has supported the U.N., whose fate may depend on the fate of the Congo. As a non-African, non-neutral country, the United States has not been in a position to assist the U.N. with troops, but it has airlifted U.N. supplies and soldiers and done everything possible to unify the Congo and strengthen the world body. Even the Soviet bloc can find little cause for blame in recent U.S. policy. The Soviets are merely more hostile to Tshombe and the Union Minière du Haut-Katanga than we have been. To most of the neutrals, and especially those whose soldiers are fighting in Katanga, we must seem deserving of the highest praise.

Not so Britain. The United States has its pro-Tshombe and pro-colonialist minority—Senator Thomas J. Dodd, the Birchites, the U.N.-phobiacs, and so on—but they have been ignored in Congo policy formation. In England, a strong Tory minority, the "Katanga lobby," sympathizes with the Union Minière and the Minière quisling, Tshombe; in Africa, they are allied with Sir Roy Welensky and the white racists in Rhodesia. The British Government does not seem to know which way to turn. On the one hand, it does not wish to split away from the United States, its NATO ally, or to offend India, a principal supplier of fighting men to the U.N. Hence the granting of the Indian request for a supply of half-ton bombs for the four Indian Canberra bombers operating in Katanga, and the subsequent refusal to send the bombs.

The situation is too serious to brook further double-talk and double-action. When Dr. Conor Cruise O'Brien charged that the British (and the French) had obstructed his efforts to remove Tshombe's mercenaries, some Americans may have thought these were the recriminations of a frustrated Irishman who had failed in his mission. But General Sean McKeown, the retiring U.N. commander in the Congo, supported O'Brien's charges as "perfectly true," and Edmund O. Gullion, U.S. ambassador in Leopoldville, described Dr. O'Brien's resignation as "an act of high conscience."

In giving up sovereignty over its colonies, the British have pursued an enlightened course, on the whole. But whatever credit accrued to Britain is now being lost through the vacillation of the government between Labour and anti-colonialist Conservatives on the one hand, and one-time Suez rebels like Capt. Charles Waterhouse, chairman of Tanganyika Concessions, the Anglo-Rhodesian company which owns 14½ per cent of the shares in Union Minière and 20 per cent of the voting rights. Colonialism by stock ownership is not much different, in its results, from colonialism by government, and the British will soon be forced to choose between the U.N. and those Tories who are concerned with nothing but their overseas investments.

ICBM Nuclear Testing

A study in contrasts is afforded by the December 18 *Newsweek* coverage of the intelligence estimate of the Russian nuclear tests, and an item in the December 15 *Time* on the same subject. The report itself, of course, is top secret and both weeklies had to rely on the AEC press release and whatever they could dredge up from scientific advisers and inside dopesters. The *Newsweek* report is unsensational, semi-technical and convincing. It says that the Soviets have improved the ratio of explosive energy to the weight of their bombs, but that the balance of nuclear power in quality, quantity and delivery systems still favors the United States. *Time*, on the contrary, throws one verbal fit after another. It begins, "This was perhaps the grimmest meeting over which John Kennedy had presided as President of the U.S. . . . On the coffin-shaped Cabinet table rested a thin book, bound in blue paper and red-stamped TOP SECRET." Most tables, like most coffins, are rectangular, but *Time* has set the stage and goes on to say that the document made "unhappy reading," that there is "overwhelming" evidence that the Russians have made "giant strides" in thermonuclear weaponry, that we lag in anti-missile missilry and will continue to lag until we resume atmospheric testing, and so on. President Kennedy, *Time* reveals, looked around at the "glum

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circle" of his advisers. Surprisingly, he did not burst into tears.

Time, of course, will behave like *Time*. What is interesting—and important—is that this is the way the drive for the resumption of nuclear testing in the atmosphere by the United States will be conducted. The conclusions reached by Dr. Hans Bethe and his colleagues are one thing, the handling of the facts by fevered editorial writers is something entirely different. If propaganda will do it, the mass media will see to it that, after all our outcries over the Russian poisoning of the atmosphere, we proceed to contribute our offering of strontium-90 and carbon-14. Moreover, the Pentagon activists and embattled civilians who grace the Republic are no longer going to be satisfied with explosions of nuclear bombs dropped from aircraft. No one has yet fired an ICBM with a nuclear warhead. Although it is highly probable that the warhead will explode as planned, it is conceivable that as it heats on re-entry it may be deranged in some way, and either explode in the wrong place or not at all. What the missilemen want is to fire ICBMs exactly as they would be fired in war. They have wanted this for a long time and when, as they confidently assume he will, the President gives the word to resume testing in the atmosphere, the Navy will fire its Polarises and the Air Force its Atlases. The location of the explosions will present a problem but, as military men are fond of reminding us, necessity knows no law. The neutrals can only protest, after all.

Another Reason

A resumption of atmospheric testing at this time would be a major mistake. Certainly it cannot be justified on the basis of the inconclusive evidence thus far released by the AEC. And it would be particularly unfortunate if we were to resume testing now that a two-year deadlock on outer-space negotiations has finally been broken at the U.N. Since its formation two years ago, the U.N.'s Committee on Peaceful Uses of Outer Space has been stymied by a Soviet boycott. Last week the General Assembly's Political Committee, after weeks of patient negotiation, finally adopted—*unanimously and by acclamation*—a resolution calling on the outer space group to meet by March 31 to resume its discussions. The resolution includes a prohibition on claims of sovereignty by any nation over any part of outer space, calls on countries to furnish detailed information on all launchings of objects into space to a public central registry, and asks world cooperation in the development of weather forecasting and communications through the use of satellites. More important, committee decisions will be reached by a simple majority vote. This is a slight step forward, but a real step none the less, and it would be jeopardized by a precipitous decision on our part to resume atmospheric testing.

Strictly for Suckers

The reaction of the American press to Fidel Castro's proclamation that he is a Marxist-Leninist has been mainly one of rejoicing. The arch-fiend has unmasked himself; now we can do him in. But it would be well to try to decipher what political deviltry the fiend is really up to; or, if that is not possible on the basis of the available evidence, to be exceedingly wary. This fiend, after all, has been a good deal more successful in his maneuverings, so far, than two American Presidents and their respective State Departments.

The Russians have shown a caution which we might well emulate in assessing Castro's crashing of the Communist gate. Only a month ago, Premier Khrushchev said in public he did not think Castro was a Communist. If Castro were intent only on showing subservience to Moscow, he would not contradict Khrushchev so flatly and so soon. It would seem to indicate that Castro has other motives than to show his loyalty to the Kremlin. These motives are likely to center on his interests in the Western hemisphere. The same line of reasoning casts doubt on reports that Castro is about to denounce Cuba's hemisphere treaties and join the Warsaw Pact. It will be a dubious bargain for the Warsaw Pact countries if he does—and if they let him in.

The most plausible explanation is that, both by force of habit and because he thinks he can gain by it, Castro is taking a tough line. He has one weapon which is hard to beat—Latin American dislike of the United States. He can always get a hand by baiting Uncle Sam, much as Anglophobes in the United States used to twist the lion's tail for publicity and votes. When Castro found he could not make a deal with the United States, he practically forced President Eisenhower to break off diplomatic relations by decreeing that the U.S. Embassy in Havana must cut its staff to eleven persons. Now he seems to be using the same forceful tactics in his coming showdown with the Organization of American States. The small O.A.S. nations, with the exception of Ecuador, are safely on our side, no matter whether Castro behaves well or badly. They have our assistance; we have their votes. When it comes to the big Latin Americans—Mexico, Brazil, Argentina, Chile and Bolivia—things are not so simple. They are reluctant to participate in O.A.S. action against Cuba. Then why does Castro make it easier for them? A possible answer is that he hopes to provoke the United States into some insensate action like the invasion of last April. An exact repetition of that egregious folly is, of course, too much for Castro to hope for, but he may be hoping to provoke us into overplaying our hand in the O.A.S. If this happens, the key Latin American countries will either refrain from going along or will split on a cleavage line between their pro-Castro, anti-U.S. partisans and their rulers.

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This theory may turn out to be wrong, or only partly right. What is certain is that Castro is not a mere bungler. He may be somewhat unbalanced and he certainly suffers from logorrhea, but he is no political neophyte. He is a courageous, experienced revolutionist and he has formidable support all the way from the Rio Grande to Cape Horn. It must be remembered, also, that in other parts of the world Marxism-Leninism does not excite the horror that it does here. It would be very foolish to walk into whatever new trap he is preparing—or that we are preparing for ourselves.

Racism on Route 40

About thirty-five restaurant owners along Route 40, main highway between New York and Washington, have now agreed to serve any customer, regardless of color. This represents about 50 per cent progress in the drive to eliminate the incidents of discrimination, involving African diplomats, which in the past have given the State Department so much trouble. Gratifying as this development may be, it cannot be reckoned the half-way mark toward victory that the figures seem to indicate. The whole campaign against racism on Route 40—the press, civic groups and Congress participated in it—turned on pleas to the restaurant owner that, in slamming his door on a Negro, he may be insulting not a *man,* but a *diplomat,* and thus injuring our prestige abroad. Helping the cause was the fact that to many Americans a Negro is somehow less Negro if he is a foreigner. Often acceptance of an African goes side by side with the most violent prejudice against his native-born ethnic brother.

Route 40 shamed us internationally. Efforts to efface that shame are welcome, and should be encouraged. At the same time, let us recognize that the basic issue at stake is the universal concept of human dignity, regardless of nationality or status. Let us hold inviolate the dignity of *all* men, and not of dignitaries alone.

Sister Mary Paul Paye, R.S.M.

How to Avoid 'Rocks and Shoals'

The incumbent Secretary of Defense, a notably able and determined executive, has been attempting to reverse the unfortunate National Security Council directive of 1958 which authorized the military to propagandize their commands and all reachable civilians. But to the Armed Services and their chiefs, Secretaries of Defense come and go, whereas the services go on forever. With the skill and confidence in bureaucratic intrigue which stem from long years of practice in Washington, the Army, Navy, Air Force and Marine Corps are not, as bureaus, easily deflected from cherished objectives, and thereby hangs this tale.

One of the programs set up in response to the 1958 directive was Project Alert, under the initial direction of Vice Admiral Robert Goldthwaite, now stationed in San Francisco as Commander of the Western Sea Frontier. The early history of Project Alert is traced by Robert L. Frye in an article in this issue (see next page). But more recently—and despite Mr. McNamara's new directive—the Project has been more active than ever. It sponsored Senator J. Strom Thurmond on a five-day speaking tour of Southern California; at one meeting, he was introduced by actor John Wayne as "a man who is not afraid to walk where others are scared to tiptoe." (The Senator's pet theme: that the United States has adopted what he calls a "No Win" foreign policy.) One might have thought that by this time Southern California has had a surfeit of "alerts" to the Communist peril, its volatile populace having been exposed to an interminable series of "schools" and "seminars" on the subject. But not so. For Project Alert has just concluded still another "school." This one was addressed by Senator Thurmond and Robert Morris of the University of Dallas as well as other favorites of the radical Right: Admiral Felix Stump (U.S.N., Ret.), Admiral Chester Ward (U.S.N., Ret.), H. L. Hunt (the Texas oil tycoon who walks "tiptoe" when the matter of the oil depletion allowance is mentioned), Rep. Francis Walter, Dr. George Benson of Harding College; such star performers on the "anti-Communist" circuit as Matt Cvetic, Dr. Bella Dodd, Barbara Hattle; and Commander Paul Terry (U.S.N., Ret.), the new national chairman of Project Alert. The school was under the direction of the ineffable W. Cleon Skousen, who was part of the cast at the recent Hollywood Bowl rally sponsored by the Christian Crusade against Communism.

But it is to be noted that Project Alert is no longer sponsored by the Navy, but by the Navy League and the Marine Corps League in cooperation with one of the newer "anti-Communist" groups, the American Security Council. Without any fanfare or public notice, the Navy quietly arranged to have these groups step into its place as the sponsor of Project Alert—and the show goes on. Here again is evidence that retired Naval officers are highly adept at the art of avoiding "rocks and shoals"—professional slang for Navy Regulations. Will the Air Force Association and the Association of the Army now step into the breach and volunteer as substitute-sponsors for their respective services?

One thing is clear: we can expect a new barrage of domestic political propaganda under semi-military sponsorship. For it should be obvious by this time that Project Alert is dedicated to the task, not of alerting us to foreign dangers, but of building up intense political pressures designed to secure more emphasis on "warfare" and less on "welfare" in the federal budget.

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PROJECT ALERT . . *by Robert L. Frye*

Pensacola, Fla.

A PROGRAM dedicated to the "rebirth of the ideals of the American way of life" was born here in the fall of 1959. It was given the title "Project Alert," and was based on a similar one-year program that had been conducted at Lubbock, Texas.

Since then, Project Alert has grown from a local movement into a regional one involving more than thirty Southeastern communities in Georgia, South Carolina, Alabama and Florida.

Its exact origin is uncertain. [See editorial, p. 503.] In the summer of 1960, its chairman, Pat N. Groner, a hospital administrator in Pensacola and a World War II Marine Corps pilot, gave credit for the original idea to Vice Admiral Robert Goldthwaite, Chief of Naval Air Training, with headquarters here. Following the publication of Senator J. William Fulbright's now famous memorandum to the Defense Department, in which both Project Alert and Admiral Goldthwaite were mentioned, the official version gives the credit to "twenty Pensacola businessmen [who wanted] to reawaken the people to the basic principles of Americanism."

The project was launched at a "familiarization meeting" attended by newsmen, businessmen, industrialists and influential citizens. It became a resounding success practically overnight. The Communist threat and the ideals of the Founding Fathers were discussed on the streets, debated with sales clerks, studied in the classrooms. Youth groups were formed in the schools; almost every civic organization in the area created committees to explore the dangers of communism and to study ways of cooperating with Project Alert.

Project leaders supplied speakers to harried program chairmen desperate for something to put on at the next meeting of their club or society. Preachers joined in the expanding chorus of voices deploring the "apathy and sluggishness" shown by the American people to the threat of the "Red monster."

Once firmly established locally, Project Alert called a conference and seminar to which citizens from more than thirty Southeastern cities and military bases were invited. The usual fiery speeches and a program of anti-Communist films constituted the bulk of the program. The delegates, impressed, went home to spread the word.

CONSISTENTLY, Project Alert officials point out that theirs was not "another John Birch Society" and that they had no intention of participating in name calling. Their only purpose was to give the citizens a "true" understanding of the vicious nature and ultimate aims of international communism, to revive interest in America's heritage, its laws and economic system, and to offer to the citizens certain suggestions which they might act upon in their own way to aid in a rebirth of patriotism on a national scale.

At one time local talk connected Dr. Kenneth Wells, president of the Freedom Foundation at Valley Forge, Pa., with the Project. Admiral Goldthwaite and Admiral J. W. Reeves (U.S.N., Ret.) reported that Wells had expressed an interest in the program and that an attempt was being made to raise $60,000 to $70,000 to conduct five pilot program tests in other communities. Apparently the money was never raised and talk about the pilot programs was dropped. Subsequently, however, Project Alert of Pensacola was awarded the Freedom Foundation's George Washington Honor Medal for its work in 1960 in bringing about "a better appreciation of the American way of life." Admiral Reeves went to Valley Forge to accept the medal.

The Pensacola High School band also received a George Washington medal for its patriotic activities during the same year. It had carried out a series of programs devoted to patriotic American music.

Project Alert had clearly posed the problem: the menace of communism. Now people wanted to know: "What can I, as an individual, do to fight this menace?" So Project Alert, on July 4, 1961, inaugurated a letter-writing campaign. Chairman Groner reminded his supporters that the "Communist Party can get 50,000 letters to Washington on any issue within forty-eight hours." Groner went on: "Seventy-five per cent of national legislation is initiated and promoted by special interest groups representing less than 5 per cent of our population." Now, said Groner, citizens should write letters to President Kennedy on such issues as "Berlin, Cuba and Communist China." The letters would be gathered by Project Alert and forwarded to the President. The campaign was to run for one week.

Full-page newspaper advertisements were run and radio and TV stations supported the drive. On July 11, the deadline was extended for four more days. A month later, Rep. Robert L. F. Sikes (D., Fla.) carried a grand total of 425 letters to Washington. Groner estimated that another 200 letters were mailed directly to the White House.

APPARENTLY this was not the answer to "What can I do?"

About this time, Senator Fulbright dropped his bomb into the *Congressional Record* on involvement of the military in rightist politics. He named Admiral Goldthwaite as supporting Navy-initiated forums, conferences and "alerts" aimed at arousing the civilian population to the dangers of communism. He also listed the Commandant of the 8th Naval District and staff, at New Orleans, as supporting the same organizations. His memorandum charged that the Navy had flown a group of community leaders from the Pensacola area to Harding College at Searcy, Ark., for "indoctrination" before Project Alert actually got under way. It noted that the Project used material from Harding College in its promotions and that Glenn Green and Dr. Clifton Ganus, both of Harding, were used as speak-

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ROBERT L. FRYE covered the Project Alert story as a newspaper reporter.

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ers on the local Navy base as well as for the Project. The memorandum further alleged that Navy personnel and civilian workers were required to attend some of the Project meetings during duty hours.

Admiral Goldthwaite, who has since been transferred from Pensacola, defended his part in the movement by saying that while his staff had held "leadership" meetings at the Naval Air Station here, he did not believe "anyone had been required to attend." He added that he had accepted a position on the Project Alert executive committee because it was a patriotic organization. "If being on the Project Alert committee is an offense of any sort," he said, "and that may be what some people are talking about, I know of no basis for accusations of any sort other than the fact that I have been opposed to communism ever since I can remember. I endorsed the program for that reason."

Concerning the flight to Harding College, Admiral Goldthwaite said he had sent a few people to the college to "see what educational material we might be able to use in our education program on the station, not *off* the station. Project Alert people went along to get the information for their own program."

WITH THE failure of the letter-writing campaign and the publicity it received from the Fulbright memorandum, interest in Project Alert began to wane. But what took most of the starch out of the program was the Berlin crisis and Kennedy's military build-up. The Communist threat was no longer something distant that could be combated by high morals and "thinking American." There were classes on survival to attend and fallout shelters to build. People just didn't have time to worry about infiltration by Communists and the decay of Americanism.

To counteract this waning interest, Project leaders set up a series of lectures by "noted" personages. The first visiting dignitary was Edward Hunter, author of *Brainwashing from Pavlov to Powers* and generally credited with invention of the word brainwashing. The final speaker on the program was Captain Eddie Rickenbacker, World War I flying ace and president of Eastern Air Lines.

More recently, the Project initiated another letter-writing drive, this one aimed at the program managers of radio and TV networks and editors of newspapers and magazines. "Newspapers and wire services are feeding the American public political garbage so slanted and biased it is an insult to common intelligence," a speaker told a local civic club. He didn't say which way the bias was directed. He added that there were only two national newspaper columnists worth reading, but failed to name them. He climaxed his speech by charging that the communications media were "publishing all of Russia's propaganda of success" and playing up not America's successes, but its failures.

There is as yet no count on the number of letters Project Alert has managed to relay to the nation's editors and broadcasters.

NEW MISSION to MOSCOW . . *by Barbara Deming*

TEAM MEMBERS of the San Francisco-to-Moscow Walk for Peace tell how sometimes in the Eastern countries a crowd at the roadside would surge out to meet them, offering flowers, singing songs, expecting from them the kind of talk about peace they were accustomed to. But then the walkers' plea for unilateral disarmament, their plea to resist as individuals the military policies of their own government, would so take people by surprise that there would be a stunned and prolonged silence.

The walk across Europe sharply dramatizes the world's dilemma. As they crossed from the Western into the Eastern world — fifteen Americans, reinforced by volunteers from eight other countries — the team literally stepped out of one perspective of events into another. In the West, fingers were always pointed East: *there* lies the trouble. Crossing the border into the Communist world, they had only to take a few steps and — as though they had walked through the looking-glass—the same image was presented to them, in reverse. All fingers pointed West: *there* lies the trouble.

In the States, the reiterated question, "Why not tell it to the Russians?" had been responsible for the *idea* of the walk. In Russia, they were asked again and again, "Why aren't you back home making your suggestions there?" In meetings in the States, their speeches sometimes brought people in the audience jumping to their feet to cry, "Communist!" The same recommendations now provoked the cry of "Fascist!"

In East as in West the fears they encountered were heartfelt, the bitter experiences cited were real. They became real enough for the walkers; as they were on foot, they covered the actual ground where certain events had taken place — passed the mass graves where the Nazis had used bulldozers to shovel the dead into the ground, spent a day at Auschwitz. At the press conference the team held when it returned home from Moscow, Bradford Lyttle, the team's coordinator in the field, warned: "One thing I would like to emphasize again and again to the United States — that is the horror with which the people of all Eastern countries view our arming of West Germany. The ultimate justification they give for their military policies is that they could take no chance of ever being invaded again by the Germans. . . ."

East and West, fears were real. But to neither East nor West were the fears of the *other* side real. When Brad Lyttle spoke to the American

BARBARA DEMING has been reporting on the peace movement periodically in The Nation.

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press of Eastern concern about German arms, his words evaporated in the air before him: I saw no subsequent reference to them anywhere, though representatives of all major papers were there that day. And when the walkers spoke to Russian audiences of fears in the United States of a Russian take-over, the response was a great roar of incredulous laughter. (Socialist states fight *defensive* battles, never *offensive* ones — surely this was well known to the world.) A stock tirade would follow, listing the aggressive acts of the Western nations — their own even more successfully overlooked than ours are overlooked when *we* make the speech.

The walk dramatizes for us this condition: East and West confronting each other, each pointing its finger at the other, and arming for "defense"; arming of course more and more heavily — for each tells itself that the other can understand only force. Neither side is able to recall that *no one* understands force; each, for its own part, capable of "understanding" from it only that the other side wants war.

TO THE walkers themselves, this lesson of the walk was painfully clear. Describing the vigil which they held in Red Square on the day of their arrival, one of them put it: "It was a very sad time, that one hour" — for all the exhilaration of that day, of the extraordinary stint at last completed. They tell first of the march to the square — handing out leaflets as fast as their hands could move (here the speaker would imitate the hectic motion of flicking fingers). The people pressed so thickly and eagerly that "it needed a lot of pacifist technique" to keep them calm. In the square, after the photographers had "finished their gymnastics," they lined up silently with their signs. The crowd of hundreds, who had been so boisterous, moving about, asking questions, pointing, slowly quieted down too and stood, staring intently. Everybody stood there for over an hour. Some of the team members were crying, and some of the Russians were crying, too. One of the walkers explained her tears: "I was thinking how much they wanted peace, and how little they knew how to get it."

The attempted labor of the pacifists was to rouse people from the trance of national self-righteousness. Their role was necessarily a rude one. At evening meeting after evening meeting arranged by the Soviet Peace Council, for example, men and women would rise and — in justification of their government's policies — recount long harrowing tales of personal suffering in the last war. The pacifists had to reply: Your heartbreaking stories are not to the point. Men and women would leap to their feet with long lists of grievances against the Western powers. Their reply had to be: We haven't come to argue with you who is to blame for what. Only one question is relevant now: How are we to escape from the trap in which we are *all* caught? Some one government must make the first move down a new road, giving to others the confidence to follow; and when a new step is needed, on whom should one count if not oneself?

On one occasion in Russia the pacifists received an extraordinary response. This was at the University of Moscow. Here, too, in the hour-long session that had been arranged for them, they heard stock speeches rattled out, the familiar justification of the government position. But they had clear evidence that their own words had made an impression. While one faculty member was replying to them, the students grew so restive that the speaker decided to cut his speech in half. As he talked, the following note was passed up to Bradford Lyttle: "My dear friends, do not believe absolutely this dirty official and his common demagogic phrases. Go your path. We are with you."

After the session was over, Lyttle reports, one of the students who had presented the government position more effectively than any of the others came to him privately and was "an entirely different man. He listened intently to what I had to say." The session lasted rather more than the prescribed hour. As the time drew to an end, and a school official rose to close the discussions, many students rose with him, crying "Let them go on!" The official pleaded that another class needed the room. "Nonsense!", the students roared him down, "this is more important!"

The man was clearly out of control of the situation. The talks continued for another hour and a half. His own last words to the room were a plea that the students there—who were for the most part science students—would always rigorously question the given official position in the light of the facts they had, and of their sense of the new realities of the twentieth century. The reply from the floor was: "We will do this!"

Meanwhile, another note had arrived: "Thank you for your travel and that you went to us. It is not for us to speak as simply as you. The men's kinds of thinking are rather slowly changing." Lyttle sums up his impressions: "One of the most hopeful things to me of anything on the walk was the ferment we saw there, the signs that things are changing — if we can only hold off a war and allow these changes to develop."

IT IS an astonishing fact that at a time of deep crisis, of near war, the walkers were allowed to enter East Germany, Poland, Russia itself — not only bringing them word of Western views they had not had before, and thus a perspective on their own governments' versions of events, but openly suggesting that if the people really wanted peace, they should disobey their governments, refuse to pay taxes for armaments, refuse to work in war industries, refuse to serve in the armed forces; all this in countries where people had never even heard their governments openly criticized on foreign-policy matters. The walkers quote a foreign correspondent who watched them march into Moscow, passing out their thousands of leaflets, and exclaimed in wonder: "And the police are not preventing them!" The walk set a precedent for political dissent in these countries.

The walkers themselves, asked why they think they were allowed in, give as a first answer that the Communists, and particularly the Russians, have been trying for years to picture themselves as champions of

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peace. "This made it hard for them to say 'no' to a group such as ours." They add: The image the Russians like to project is based on reality. That the Russians do both want and need peace seemed as clear to the walkers, after their trip, as that the Russians were trying in all the wrong ways to secure it. "*Mir, Mir, Mir*" (PEACE, PEACE, PEACE): the signs calling for peace are as common there as whiskey ads here—though the Russians will declare any day (as we will) their willingness to "defend" themselves with all the missiles in their armory. Nor was there anyone the walkers met who spoke of war with the West as inevitable. They found the people with whom they talked full of their country's plans for the future ("I have never talked with such confident people") and full of recognition that peace was necessary for them to carry out these plans. There was, they report, a good deal more conviction that they would prosper in a disarmed world than there is here in America.

PLAINLY the Russians wanted the walkers to enter Moscow on their own terms—were hoping and expecting to convert them along the way to multilateralism. As Lyttle puts it, "They could not really imagine that we could walk for three weeks in Russia, enjoy their hospitality, visit their historic places, see the great jump they had made, see how they wanted peace—all this, without coming to accept their position." The pressure they exerted was intense. The pressure of their hospitality was "fantastic." Banquets would appear at the side of the road as if in a fairy tale: tablecloths spread upon the grass, set with china and silverware and flowers; and caviar and wine and decorated cakes; abundant courses piping hot, served by waitresses; hot water supplied, too, for them to wash in; towels hung from the branches of trees! On one occasion, the whole area had been shaded by a bower specially constructed out of leafy boughs; and strips of bright carpet were laid out for them to sit on. The log the walkers kept is full of exclamations on the subject: "Brad gave his 'This is the most exciting meal in Russia' speech, but

this time we were astounded and tremble at the thought of future efforts."

Pressures of another sort were exerted at the specially arranged evening meetings. Here audiences would wait patiently for as much as an hour or two, when the walkers were delayed on the road; then would rise to batter and batter at them with their prepared responses. (That they had been prepared in advance was often obvious, as the translations would be written out.)

The Russians did their utmost to change the walkers, and turn the walk to their own use, and yet they failed; and here is the very significant point: In spite of this, the team was welcomed in Moscow. Lyttle quotes one of the members of the Peace Council: "If you work with us, we will give you everything!" The Council is the only peace organization the law permits in Russia—if not officially a government organ, it is virtually so—and *could* have given them "everything." "I've no doubt," says Lyttle, "that if we had been willing to modify our program a little, drop our unilateral sign, we would have had whole villages turning out for us, and a quarter of a million people in Red Square." But the point is: They refused to alter their stand and, even so, were made welcome.

As a matter of fact, before the team crossed the border, the Russians had been given a pretty good idea of what to expect. The East German Peace Council had sent word that the walkers were not very malleable. East German "supporters," walking with the team, had tried to exploit the walk by passing out leaflets of their own—presenting the Ulbricht position. As they had done in West Germany when officials tried to reroute them, the walkers had halted their march and refused to go on until this stopped. Moreover, when they approached Berlin, it had been just at the time of the acute crisis there, and authorities had informed them that they would not be allowed to enter the city — instead, they would be routed round it in buses and taken to the city of Stalinstadt, near the border of Poland. The walkers, although they appreciated the difficulties of the moment, had been given no opportunity to negotiate alternatives to this plan, and considered a simple ultimatum unacceptable; so they refused to cooperate—"defied the authority of the State"—and were dumped, "limp," into buses and driven back into West Germany. *Still* the Russians had made them welcome.

Here, the walkers would agree, another very important point must be made. For all their eagerness to project an image of themselves as champions of peace, the Russians would certainly never have allowed these people in if they had not clear records of challenging Western governments as well. All of them had demonstrated actively against militarism in their own country. Some of them —chiefly among the Americans— had served jail sentences as draft refusers and as conscientious trespassers upon military property.

The team made a point of picketing military installations in every country it passed through, and it made a special impression on the Russians that they had defied the regulations in West Germany and demonstrated in front of four military installations there in one day. (It made an impression on West German peace workers, too, that they got away with it; the officials involved, though — being German — dumbfounded that the walkers would persist in their plans when told they

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were forbidden, backed down and pressed no charges after the event. German pacifists now intend to be more aggressive.)

This was certainly their passport into the Communist countries—that they came not to reiterate the familiar phrases: *we* in the West are innocent, *you* in the East are to blame, but in a spirit independent or that sad rite. They came as men who reject blind national loyalty, and whose concern is loyalty toward all men. In this spirit they had declared, before starting out, that they would acknowledge no nation's right to exclude them, but in their search for peace would enter each country on their way, legally if possible, but if necessary, illegally. (It is a sad fact that France alone — a member of the "free" world—tried to prevent their entry. What the walkers did — after clearly announcing their plans — was to jump ship twice at Le Havre, swimming ashore and there distributing their leaflets until stopped by the gendarmes, arrested and carried back, 'limp," to the ship. They then proceeded to Belgium, where a group of French supporters marched through France to meet them.)

THESE people believed that one can consistently maintain loyalty toward all men only if one is committed to nonviolent struggle—as only such struggle can distinguish between another man's policies, which one may wish to oppose vigorously, and the man himself, whom one refuses to destroy. The walk was an experiment in this discipline, and any answer to the question: How does it happen that the team got to Moscow? must seriously weigh the relevance of this fact.

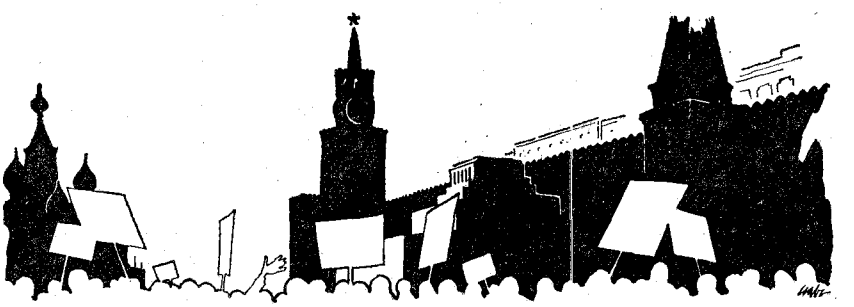
"The nonviolent power developed by this walk," says Lyttle, "went far beyond anyone's expectations in terms of our ability to move the Communists and generate acceptance for ourselves in their countries. I think it was very unusual, very surprising, that we got into the German Democratic Republic at all, considering the crisis the country was in —and that we lasted as long as we did. When they told us we couldn't enter Berlin, I had the feeling that they did so only with the greatest reluctance. Officials at all levels were upset. The ultimatum was delivered at the very last moment, and they came to ask us to reconsider no fewer than half a dozen times—and then retired and said they would just go discuss it with the authorities further. No fewer than six times!" One walker reports that some of the Germans who helped dump them into the buses were crying.

In Russia, says Lyttle, "in those moments when they had the most intense dislike of what we were saying, as when we urged unilateralism upon the Soviet Union, or pleaded with the people to oppose the policy of their government—the same people who called us the worst names in meetings would make it clear to us afterwards: You are our guests, and we honor you for the stand you have taken in the West, and we wish the march well." As a matter of fact, he reports, they put up with some astonishing things. The team was no band of traveling saints, and sometimes were very rude. When the walkers were taken on a tour of Lenin's apartments — an unusual privilege—some of the members were bored and read papers and books while being shown about, which to the Communist officials was the worst form of sacrilege. "They even overlooked that!"

Lyttle came back from the trip, he says, convinced that while it is more than difficult in Communist countries to implant the nonviolent philosophy directly, they respond to it and can be influenced by it profoundly. "They are not cynical, after all, like the Nazis. They think they are doing right. Place them in a situation where they feel they have to use violence to defend themselves, and your treatment will be summary. But avoid placing yourselves in this area, and they find it very difficult. When the conflicts between us got to a serious point, they always backed down rather than regard us as enemies." He gives as an example the following story:

THOUGH there has been a certain effort on the part of our press to picture the Russians as breaking one agreement after another made with the walkers, actually they kept the letter of every advance agreement made—except one. Originally, the walkers were to be allowed until November 1 to reach Moscow. Suddenly, in early September, they were informed that they must be there by October 3. It was pretty clear why the Russians took this action: They had heard from the German Democratic Republic about the team's defiance of authority there; the Twenty-Second Congress was scheduled to convene in Moscow in late October; as the pacifists were obviously not people to be controlled easily, it would be better to have them out of Moscow before the Congress opened. A. J. Muste flew to Moscow to try to restore the original date, but it was soon clear that the Russians would not budge. Which precipitated a crisis.

The team was used to marching twenty to twenty-five miles a day. Now forty to forty-five would be called for. The Russians had their own answer: buses could transport them over those stretches inhabited only by birch trees and rabbits; the walkers could dismount to walk into and out of the towns themselves. But the walkers couldn't accept this arrangement; they had set out on a *walk* from San Francisco to Moscow, and covering the actual ground was important to them. They suggested their own solution. They'd walk in relays; some of them could get up



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before dawn and some of them could march on after dark if there were miles still to be made. "*Nyet.*" The Russians had insisted from the first on the principle of "togetherness." "'*Vmyesta*'—we heard the word a million times." It was clear that security instructions were involved. And now the team very nearly split up. A few of them (these were mostly Europeans) were for accepting the Russian terms. In fact, some were ready to quit if the other walkers couldn't see that the important thing was simply to *get* to Moscow with their message. A number of the Americans declared that they would quit if the terms *were* accepted.

The matter was discussed most of the night. It was finally agreed that they would try a forced march for a few days, and see how that went—postponing any final decisions. And this they did—all of them rising at dawn (after getting to bed late, because of the usual meeting with the town), some attempting the entire day's walk, some trying their best to sleep for certain stretches of the time in the two Russian buses that went along with them. Tempers soon deteriorated. People began to get sick. On the third day, David Rich, the young man who up to this point had walked every single mile from San Francisco, dropped out, suffering from dysentery and exhaustion. And then a surprising thing happened. The Russians suddenly made it possible for them to continue as an unbroken team and to keep the walk an unbroken walk.

"That evening," Lyttle explains, "Director K., who was in charge of all the arrangements, came and put his arm around my shoulders. 'Mr. Lyttle, tonight we are going to show you how to get from here to Moscow. We will be hunters.' " He pulled out a schedule of days and distances. "I'll show you how we will kill the wolf, the lion and the elephant"—and he pointed to a stretch of 110 kilometers, another of 130, a final one of 150 ("That one is the elephant; I don't know quite yet how we are going to kill *it*"). He then proposed a very complicated schedule which involved walking to the outskirts of a town, taking a bus round it, walking on for some miles, taking the bus back to town for the night, then walking through it—all juggled about to make their arrangements for hospitality possible, but to permit the walkers still to walk every mile.

The team examined the schedule carefully and could find no catch in it; but there was still the problem, Lyttle suggested, of how to walk so many miles in a day's time. Director K. remarked that there was no problem there: they could just send out one group of their people early in the morning, while the others were still in their beds. "All of us just looked at him in amazement," says Lyttle, "for we had been fighting about this for days"; it involved a complete violation of the Russians' own principle of "togetherness." "Oh no, it doesn't," said Director K. quite blandly. "It simply means that some people will be out walking earlier." "We didn't go into it further," said Lyttle, with a large smile.

BOTH sides, in Russia, wanted the team to get to Moscow, but each wanted it under different conditions. "They were extraordinarily capable and cunning. . . . In many of the bargaining situations," says Lyttle, "I felt I was being pushed harder than I have ever been pushed in my life"; but the team managed nevertheless to retain its integrity and to act in such a way that the Russians always backed down rather than see the project destroyed. "Well, Mr. Lyttle," said Director K. at their last encounter, "together we managed to kill the wolf, the lion and the elephant."

Both Russia and the United States would like to prevent war—though each wants peace on its own terms. Perhaps the walk to Moscow shows the way in which a struggle with the Russians along *this* road could best be carried out.

LABOR'S DIVIDED HOUSE . . *by B. J. Widick*

Bal Harbour, Fla., Dec. 13

WHEN the AFL-CIO last summer called off its organizing campaign among the agricultural workers of California, some viewed the development as another indication that the labor movement was bankrupt. But no union movement that can afford to hold a convention in these luxurious — and expensive — surroundings could possibly be near bankruptcy.

In many respects, it was shrewd of the AFL-CIO leadership to choose this place. The image of business success, which includes vacations in Florida, has its allure for many union leaders. Moreover, fighting words like unemployment, automation, strikes, jurisdictional problems just don't sound right in these plush surroundings. Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt came close to discourtesy when she mentioned the agricultural workers. "I think their plight is a very serious one. I hope that those of us who are better off are going to give some real thought and real help to all the areas of blight and we have some in this country," Mrs. Roosevelt remarked. There was no applause.

But the crisis in the labor movement could not be wished away by the sunshine in Florida, nor by the remoteness of the convention from the power centers of the labor movement.

There's no doubt that civil rights emerged as the convention's most important — and most divisive — issue. A few months ago, the federation's Executive Council unanimously approved a resolution blaming A. Philip Randolph, militant head of

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the Sleeping Car Porters, for the "gap" which exists between the Negro community and organized labor. Mr. Randolph came here restive under that censure — and supporting him was the Negro American Labor Council, which the federation had refused to recognize. In a move designed to placate the Negro unionists, AFL-CIO President George Meany saw eighteen of their leaders before the convention opened and committed himself to recognize the council.

But the issue did not die there. Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., invited to speak at a session, told the delegates labor had "not adequately used its great power, vision and resources to advance Negro rights." Randolph openly expressed his continued resentment against the censure that had been voted against him. Platform and corridor exchanges reopened old sores on the issue, and hopes that some kind of agreement could be reached fell through.

Yet the debate was not without concrete results that spell some gain for the Negroes. The convention adopted a resolution reaffirming the principle of racial equality in the labor movement, and — more important — empowered the federation's Civil Rights Committee to initiate complaints of its own "on the basis of . . . evidence that discrimination is being practiced."

ANOTHER surprise was the revelation that the least popular labor leader here was not Jimmy Hoffa, but Walter Reuther. Public signs were the rude way in which Reuther was left off the committee to escort President Kennedy to the convention, and the method by which the story was leaked to the press. This was truly a cutting snub, for outside the State Department and Washington society, no one pays more attention to protocol than the top leaders of labor. The incident added to the stature of neither Meany nor Reuther.

The campaign against Reuther by the building trades was ferocious, but not unexpected. What was surprising was the small number of Reuther's defenders. The Industrial Union Department, at its recent convention,

Brooks: The Birmingham News
Trouble

had passed resolutions suggesting that its members were behind Reuther; it turned out that they were with him on the jurisdictional issue, but not otherwise. There weren't any Steelworkers going around resisting the personal attacks on Reuther.

The bitterest point of disagreement at the convention was over the question of jurisdiction, that stalest of union problems; it was pathetic to see Reuther, once the great social planner, reduced to fighting about this issue, in which there never are any winners.

In the merged federation there are two textile unions, two electrical unions, and a fantastic overlapping of jurisdiction in other areas. In that context, the jurisdictional issue can never be resolved, only conciliated. What develops is a series of compromises. In the new defense plants and missile sites, not even a Solomon could draw the job lines satisfactorily in many instances. Industrial technology is changing too rapidly to allow rigid formulas to work. Only a few years ago the Machinists and the UAW fought bitterly in aircraft. Neither won; they worked out a compromise.

But the current dispute over jurisdiction involves more than technicalities and legalities. It is a form of cannibalism that arises when organizing drives are stymied and frustrated union leaders turn on each other. If labor could organize the vast multitudes of unorganized, if it could make a significant breakthrough in the white-collar field, jurisdiction would become a secondary issue. Arguing about jurisdiction has the effect of evading the real crisis in labor.

FIGURES on union membership are deceptive, if not misleading. In theory, the AFL-CIO has grown from 12,305,000 in 1955 (at the time of the merger) to 12,671,000 in 1961 (the figures exclude the Teamsters and other expelled unions). This is a statistical refutation of the argument that the union movement is declining.

But the over-all statistics do not reflect accurately the changes within the composition of many unions which affect the power relationships at this convention. The United Auto Workers has lost about 227,000 members since 1955, although with its 1,023,000 members, it is still the largest union in the merger. The Steelworkers, the federation's second largest union, dropped 140,000 members since 1955. The textile unions dropped one-fourth of their membership. However, other unions have grown. The Retail Clerks climbed from 249,000 to 340,000; the Hodcarriers from 370,000 to 403,000; the Plumbers from 200,000 to 215,000; the old AFL Electrical Workers from 460,000 to 548,000, while Jim Carey's Electrical Workers stayed at about 274,000. The Operating Engineers grew from 200,000 to 270,000.

Among the top ten unions in the AFL-CIO, only two are former CIO —the Auto and Steel unions. And Walter Reuther and David McDonald are not exactly buddies. The growing unions don't accept the thesis that labor is on the decline. Survival goes to the fittest and toughest in the Darwinian world of labor. Interestingly, most of the growing unions have close working relationships with the Teamsters Union. It is for this reason that most union leaders would like to have the Teamsters back in the federation, and why they never attack Jimmy Hoffa.

The obstacles to Hoffa's return are primarily twofold. Meany is adamant on the subject, and he is the dominant figure at this convention. Furthermore, an aggressive drive for seating the Teamsters would offend the Kennedy Administration, and this is more than most

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union leaders, including Hoffa's friends, want to do. Secretary of Labor Arthur Goldberg gently reminded the convention that its "finest hour" was the day the Teamsters were expelled.

Hoffa wants to return to the federation; he thinks this would take the heat of the Kennedy Administration off him. Hoffa's feelers to Walter Reuther didn't work, for Reuther had the problem of conflicting public images. The Teamsters are still biding their time.

In this powerful maneuvering, the question of corruption was not quite the issue it appears to be in public print. In a climate of vulgar ostentation and affluence, arguments about moral standards are difficult to take seriously. Besides, nobody here has criticized the Hodcarriers and the Operating Engineers, both of which have been charged with sins as venal as those charged against the Teamsters. Maurice Hutchinson sits on the Executive Council despite private grumblings that Meany ought to have one standard. The AFL-CIO Ethical Practices Code is still on the books, but no one has suggested lately that it be applied to the various unions who sit comfortably next to the moralists.

Like most conventions, this one has ratified a number of decisions presented in the form of resolutions useful in public relations and as a broad guide to action. The 1955 convention resolutions still look good on paper; they have been updated. But there are some issues, like the civil-rights question, which have real meaning. The shorter work week is another of these really meaningful questions.

THE AFL-CIO has endorsed the idea of a shorter work week as one answer to automation. The Steelworkers are building up some pre-bargaining steam in a campaign for a thirty-two-hour week. This runs counter to the stated policy of the White House. Secretary Goldberg has sought to confine the issue in next year's steel negotiations to arguments about wage increases based on productivity. But can the Administration limit the scope of bargaining to that issue in the face of the mass unemployment in steel?

Unquestionably, the genuine enthusiasm for President Kennedy during his appearance here shows that he has labor's overwhelming political support—1,000 per cent, as Meany put it. But that does not mean labor will support the President on strictly trade-union questions. Nor will the issue of a liberal tariff program be easy to sell to labor, despite Meany's recent approval of it.

For anyone who expected discussion on foreign policy, the convention was a disappointment. Goldberg was right when he said that, on foreign affairs, the AFL-CIO is united behind the President.

There was a final irony about this convention. The best argument for trade unionism was advanced not by any labor spokesman here, but by the President of the United States when he urged acceptance of the idea that unionism is a permanent and vital feature of any democratic society. At this stage, it looks as though society, once saved from many of its own blunders by labor, may now have to save the labor movement from the blunders it has been committing.

GI CRIME in GERMANY . . *by John Dornberg*

Frankfurt am Main

TWO AMERICAN soldiers, both only eighteen, stationed in the little German industrial city of Hanau, twelve miles from here, absented themselves without leave and went on a morning drinking spree one day last November. After consuming substantial amounts of beer and cognac, they returned to their camp, climbed aboard a twenty-ton armored personnel carrier, revved up the engine and roared past an open-mouthed guard into town. Throwing pedestrians, motorists and shopkeepers into panic, they clattered and rumbled down one of the main streets.

Suddenly they ran over a sixteen-year-old German schoolgirl bicycling home for lunch. She was killed instantly.

Although U.S. Army and Embassy representatives apologized profusely to German officers and the two young soldiers were subsequently convicted of murder in a court-martial, American prestige and German-American relations suffered almost irreparable harm. Within a day of the incident, German deputies lodged protests in the *Bundestag*, demanding that Chancellor Konrad Adenauer's government take steps to protect German citizens.

Unfortunately, this spectacular and tragic case was not unique. On the contrary, it merely climaxed a series of violent incidents perpetrated by American servicemen.

Although the problem of GI behavior is a major one in all European countries where American forces are stationed, it is especially grave in West Gemany, where last year alone American soldiers and airmen were implicated in sixty rapes and indecent assaults; twenty-one street robberies; dozens of armed assaults and robberies of taxi drivers; hundreds of street, café and bar brawls and assaults, and nearly a half-dozen murders or slayings. Germans were the victims in all the cases. Minutes after 1960 ended, the crime wave was given new impetus by three GIs who, armed with a home-made, two-foot lead club, attacked, robbed and murdered a taxi driver in the city of Mannheim.

U.S. military officials insist that the "incident" rate among the 300,000 GIs in Germany is decreasing. They point out that courts-martial dropped from 30,000 in 1952 to 23,-

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000 last year. But courts-martial are no certain barometer of "incidents," for they include trials for violations of purely military regulations not affecting relations with the German community.

Decreasing crime rate or not, German press criticism of GI behavior was on the rise until August 13, when the Berlin wall became top news. Since that date, GI incidents have been treated less sensationally in the German press. But previous experience would indicate that as the Berlin crisis recedes, the "incidents" problem will grow again, this time aggravated by the presence in Germany of 40,000 new troops, among whom the crime and "trouble" rate is always the highest.

WHILE the GI crime rate in Germany has always been high, little criticism was heard from German sources until after the Federal Republic became a sovereign state in May, 1955. In the following year the "incident" rate not only rose, but the incidents became more serious. During a forty-five-day period in the summer of 1956, three rapes, a bomb-throwing in a bar injuring seventeen persons, and at least three murders were committed by American troops. The period was climaxed by the arrest of seven GIs for the rape of a fifteen-year-old German girl in Bamberg. Several hours after this final outrage, Bamberg's City Council angrily petitioned the United States to withdraw its troops. One councilman even demanded that Germany sever diplomatic relations with the United States.

General H. I. Hodes, then Commander-in-Chief of the U. S. Army in Europe, imposed a midnight curfew on all American troops and their dependents, including officers and noncoms. An extensive, multi-faceted community-relations campaign was launched by the military to soothe ruffled German feelings. Orphanages, old-age homes and hospitals all over West Germany were "adopted" by American military units and showered with gifts. Army engineers constructed athletic fields for villages and playgrounds for schools. "The policy of improving German-American relations and our community-relations program are second only to the defense effort here," the Army said.

In addition, commanders bringing new units from the States were warned to screen their organizations closely for possible troublemakers.

WITHIN six months, the drive paid off in improved German-American relations at official levels. But soldier crimes did not abate. Units which had been subjected to careful screening before their arrival registered no major incidents for several months. As soon as unchecked replacements came, the misbehavior rate mounted again. There were rapes, robberies and assaults on taxi drivers, as well as a constant run of *Gasthaus* brawls. And by 1960, the problem once more seriously threatened harmonious German-American relations. Again Bamberg was one of the key trouble towns, in addition to Hanau, Augsburg and Baumholder.

"The German people are gradually being forced to doubt whether there are civilized human beings clad in the uniform of the U. S. Army," wrote the *Augsburger Allgemeine*. Hans Morper, president of the Citizens Association of Gartenstadt, a suburb of Bamberg, demanded a general curfew and restriction on all troops so that "the safety of German citizens will be assured." He warned that Gartenstadt residents might take to "organized self-protection" if the incidents didn't subside. "Soldiers treat us," he said, "like wild game in open season. . . ."

Colonel Keith Schmedeman, ranking U.S. officer in Bamberg, promised a ruthless crackdown on lawbreakers. Bamberg authorities offered to keep bars and B-girls and 600 "extra lady companions," who had filtered in from other cities, under control. Incidents continued, but at a diminished rate. One effective step originated with Bamberg's police chief, Bert Ritterbecks. He drew up a list of seventy-four acts punishable under German law, and their penalties. Emphasizing that German courts would soon have jurisdiction over American servicemen, he had the list posted on bulletin boards and read to soldiers in lectures.

In August, 1960, the district of Baumholder petitioned the state government for one hundred additional policemen to protect against rampaging GIs. Although Lieutenant Colonel Richard East, the U.S. post commander, agreed that the German police contingent should be strengthened, he rejected the theory that the lack of policemen was responsible for the increase of "incidents" involving his men. "Whiskey and women are the two big reasons soldiers usually get in bad," he said. "If you put a control on these two things, the American soldier is less likely to get into trouble."

Colonel East proposed closing all Baumholder bars at midnight and suggested that city officials do something about the 500 girls who regularly pack into the area just before each GI payday. Baumholder authorities, however, hesitated, and two months later the town was rocked by a street brawl of gigantic proportions during which one soldier ran amuk with a pistol. The colonel responded by putting four of the most popular soldier hangouts off-limits and threatened others with similar action. The ban cost the proprietors an estimated $1,000 per month each, and it was not long before they agreed to cooperate. They drafted an eight-point code to which nearly every bar in town subscribed. Among other things, the code specified that no alcoholic beverages would be sold to intoxicated soldiers, that bartenders would not serve GIs after midnight bed-check time unless they had a valid pass, and that valuable objects or identity documents would not be accepted in lieu of cash for drinks.

TODAY, Bamberg, Augsburg and Baumholder are relatively calm, but there is no telling when trouble might break out again. Then there will be more police crackdowns, bed checks, curfews and bar closings. But is there no *preventive* medicine applicable to this situation? Is there nothing that can be done to stop these outbursts from recurring?

The U.S. 7th Army, headquartered in Stuttgart, recently released a statistical report on aggravated assaults committed by soldiers under its command. According to this study, sol-

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diers in the four lowest enlisted grades—from the rank of recruit through corporal or specialist fourth class—are responsible for 84 per cent of the aggravated assaults. Men between 18 and 21 perpetrate twice as many assaults as GIs over 27.

ABOUT 88 per cent of the cases involve men who have been drinking; Saturday and Sunday nights, between 10 and midnight, are the favored times. Slightly more than half the assaults occur in bars and guest houses, 25 per cent in the streets, and 12 per cent at military installations. Knives and glassware, such as beer bottles, are used as weapons in 67 per cent of the cases.

Regular soldiers—those who have volunteered for service as opposed to draftees—were found to be responsible for 85 per cent of all cases. Draftees, as a general rule, are somewhat older and better educated than Regulars; thus, they are less prone to gravitate to troublesome parts of the community and to rowdy, bawdy bars.

Towns with higher headquarters (therefore with a greater percentage of more educated men) usually have a lower incident rate than those housing tactical field units. The Air Force, which requires more specialized and better trained personnel than the Army, has a proportionately lower incident rate. Another difference between the two services stems from the fact that Air Force men are not subjected to long, uninterrupted periods of rigorous outdoor training in isolated areas. Statistics have demonstrated that the incident rates usually rise when units return from prolonged maneuvers or field exercises.

Dr. Charles A. A. Zwingmann, a German-American psychologist in private practice in Frankfurt, has cited homesickness as a major factor behind the alcoholism and crime rate of GIs overseas. "Overseas troops," Zwingmann believes, "seek to recreate, through alcohol, the atmosphere of the home they have left behind—and for which they are desperately lonely. Soldiers serving abroad drink perhaps 50 per cent more than those who serve in their home country."

Then, of course, it is a simple fact that for thousands of young servicemen their overseas tours are the first opportunity to escape from the moral restrictions imposed at home. Although the services provide excellent recreational facilities, GIs still head for town and a "good time."

To make things worse, alcohol is easier to obtain and less expensive abroad than in the United States. Soldiers aged 18 to 21 are legally entitled to all the hard liquor they can consume in German bars, and alcohol bought through military channels (enlisted men's and NCO clubs and ration stores) is tax free. Many young men who drank nothing stronger than beer at home are tanking up on vodka, gin, cognac and whiskey overseas.

Another factor involved is the

shocking number of men stationed abroad who have criminal records. Of these, a high percentage eventually run afoul of the law and are either court-martialed or tried by foreign tribunals.

Michigan's former Senator, Homer Ferguson, now one of the three civilian judges on the Court of Military Appeals—the highest court under military law—recently fired a broadside at the U.S. civilian judicial practice of extending probation to convicted men if they promise to enlist in the service. "This is a real disservice to the military and is not a good thing for the country," he emphasized during a speech in Washington. The practice, he implied, is common, and operates on the theory "that the military will reform the boy. But this is not always true."

As long as the practice continues, military commanders will have to screen troops for possible criminal backgrounds if they hope to control the "incident" rate abroad. In 1956, one major general screened his entire division before taking it overseas. For eighteen months, until the first unscreened replacements arrived from the States, his division had virtually no troublemakers.

THE GERMANS themselves have come up with a solution which, unpopular as it may be with soldiers, is certainly worth considering. Dr. Walter Sommer, Lord Mayor of Kaiserslautern, the city with the greatest concentration of American military personnel, and Jakob Altmaier, a member of the *Bundestag* and *Nation* contributor, have both suggested that GIs be required to deposit half their pay in the United States pending discharge from service. Most of the incidents, they insisted, result from drunkenness on the part of soldiers who have too much money in their pockets.

It is a fact that an American private earns about as much as the average German worker. Privates-first-class and corporals are in the above-average income brackets in West Germany.

Altmaier also demanded that German authorities exercise greater control over the fly-by-night bars in which soldiers spend much of their pay.

Other observers have recommended the establishment of licensed brothels. Prostitution is legal in Germany and the women, by the thousands, prey on young servicemen, using shady dives and hangouts as their base of operations. Legal brothels, the proponents contend, would help regulate the "profession" and reduce "incidents."

One thing is certain. The services must soon take more stringent action than merely increasing donations to orphanages or sponsoring German-American advisory council meetings at which generals and colonels, mayors and councilmen shake hands and exchange amenities. As one German newspaper in the city of Darmstadt editorialized in the wake of a cab driver's murder by a GI, all the good neighborliness of American servicemen is overshadowed by one such crime.

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BOOKS and the ARTS

'Binx, Meet Phronzie'

Lloyd Zimpel

THE other day my wife thumbed through a new novel I'd brought home and said: "I can't read this—the hero's name is *Binx*." I knew what she meant, and it set me idly to revising one of the charges made against the contemporary American novel: that it is overstuffed with people you wouldn't care to invite into your home. I suggest that the real reason why a reader named, let us say, John (whose daily commerce is among citizens christened William, George, Donald, James and the like), would not invite such characters into *his* home is not because their company would be unsavory, but because it would embarrass him into a fit of stammers to address his guests by name.

Gifford Cael Bohane, Dory Aesop, Cinamo Dallas, Toy Crawford Wick, Ulysses S. D. Quincy, Dove Linkhorn, Chelton Pierce, Sergius O'Shaugnessy are syllables that possess, in the raw, a certain music, but I rebel against attaching them to people who make any claim on reality. Confronted with the roll of his absurdities, the novelist feebly pleads the inventions of Dickens and Evelyn Waugh, or native models as grand as Natty Bumppo, Ishmael and Ahab. In a small way these are justifying precedents, but they are more important for an unhappier reason: the stimulus they provide name-imitators to seize upon grotesquerie, unembellished by characterization of substance, as sufficient to serve immortality.

Again, the novelist protests that he is leery of lawsuits. Understandable. But should the true owner of a name like Catcher Ryefield step out of his attorney's office to ask just which Mr. Ryefield this book is about, the author's wide eyes of innocence avail him less than if the fuss were over, say, a name like Joseph Andrews. Surely we all savor the pure imaginative achievement in the naming of Holly Golightly, Truman Capote's heroine in *Breakfast at Tiffany's*: still, a real-life Holly vigorously objected; and a similar hassle caused James T. Farrell to scramble the name of his Bernard Clare in mid-trilogy. One necessarily asks: how many Tom Joneses brought suit against Henry Fielding?

I must admit that the rococo constructions, though they fall no more familiarly upon the ear than names in works by folk-artists of the African Bush, are not always the most maddening. With what seems increasing frequency one chances—for who would choose them if he knew?—upon novels alive with characters called Adam, Cain, Abel, Noah—little keys hung around their necks to thud on the breastbone with every step. It is quickly apparent that one is reading less a newly written novel than an updated paraphrase; and if the whole is not too murky, memory of the ancient first-draft intrudes to the vast disadvantage of the revision at hand.

Akin to these little keys are other names, both first and last, which promise suddenly to slip apart like two loose bricks in the palace wall and reveal treasures beyond: Merlin, Aesop, Angstrom, Pilgrim. Equally disconcerting are names that set off brain-numbing rhythms. One recent novel turned loose a host: Monk Maloney, Rex Rector, Vera and Victor Vollbauch, Horace Hamilton, Joyce Jessup—enough to dull one's ear for days, and after which a novel whose hero answers only to the personal pronoun is a delight.

FORTUNATELY for the over-all balance of the American novel, the madness that so often grips an author during character-christening seems generally to abandon him during the selection of a surname. If for every character christened John, there is a Redwine, a Zale and a Phronzie, then for every one surnamed Percepied there are two wholesome Powerses and several Wheelers. Brand, Munson, Mitchell, Gardner, Bolling, Foreston—here we are on solid native ground. Downright foreign-sounding names are left to specialty characters whose foreign qualities are under exploitation—or to army novels in which the platoon has the formally required Italian, Jew, Mayflower descendant, Pole and farm boy of German or Scandinavian stock. As for middle names, their greatest value is to indicate fancy social connections; while middle initials—T. and J. especially—are indispensable to novels about hard-driving, middle-class businessmen.

With the art of character-naming fallen so low, are rescue measures still of any use? One close student of the art says they are, and suggests that the novelist who wishes to avoid both court action and unearthly nomenclature concoct his names from real material, taking, say, the Christian name of his father's law partner, compounded with the surname of his wife's obstretician: by making a note of his sources at the time, he is fairly safe from lawsuit, and his names have genuine roots. My own half-hearted recommendation is that before dubbing a character Vex or Blessy the novelist ask himself if he would voluntarily inscribe such a name on the birth certificate of his own offspring; but I have a melancholy feeling that many would do exactly that without a moment's pause.

LLOYD ZIMPEL has contributed to the Chicago Review, *the* New Mexico Quarterly *and other critical journals. He lives in San Francisco.*

The World

How far back to go
on? This house no one's
to leave. I live
in another now. Escape

is nowhere. The blood?
A potted white clock
with brass hands in the
kitchen, or this broken

oil-jar from Pythagoras'
beach, fingers buried
in clay? I don't
choose; I am chosen —

to die. The moth
posted outside my window's
in the next. Saved
from a wilderness? I

wonder. How far
can it fly fanning
the light before it
burns itself out, or troubles

an eye to be crushed?
Aims for a wall, yes.
But who wants that design
there? Dead or alive's

no warrant for arrest.
Yet there's the crime,
the shame, the stain, to be
where one's not wanted.

Cid Corman

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Art Books of 1961: Part II

Lincoln Kirstein

Albums

THE ANATOMY OF GLORY: NAPOLEON AND HIS GUARD. A Study in Leadership. Adapted from the French of Henry Lachoque by Anne S. K. Brown. Brown University Press. 564 pp.; 173 plates, over 100 in color, maps, etc. $14.

Indeed a glorious book, adapted from Commandant Lachoque's *Napoleon et la Garde Impériale* (Paris, 1957). Mrs. Brown had the author's permission to condense and omit specialized details. What gives this American version its particular luster are the magnificent illustrations from its adapter's personal collection, made over a lifetime. The First Napoleon who made Percier and Fontaine his architects, who by fiat created *le style Empire* to distinguish his own Augustan regime from the Bourbon rococo, who issued in defeat the decree from Moscow instituting La Comédie Française, was the last absolute monarch with the conviction of his self-created myth. The splendor of his court, the visual incarnation of his military genius in the accouterments of chamberlains and guardsmen, show a highly developed aesthetic sense. The text of this book is as interesting as the fine plates—racy, intimate, vivid and beautifully rendered into English.

THE HORIZON BOOK OF THE RENAISSANCE. By the editors of *Horizon.* Published by American Heritage. Distributed by Doubleday & Co. 429 pp.; 480 pictures, 160 in color. $17.50.

Before *Horizon* was born *Nation* readers were warned against it. Well, here *Horizon* is, in spite of that warning, large as life and twice as unnatural. This is the embodiment of the *Horizon* achievement. It smells almost right: distinguished contributors who are known authorities; glossy pictures of some of the greatest artifacts of Western man. But when you start to read it, instead of merely looking at it, the whole betrays itself. The essays are warmed-up briefs from scholars who are still poor in cash in spite of their rich minds, and who sound as tired of their specialties boiled down to these abstracts as you will be in reading them. It is a two-day Cook's tour of Florence, without vitality, composed of by-products and fringe benefits; the illustrations thriftily re-edited; the ideas rehashed and plausibly packaged.

THE SHIP. By Bjorn Landström. Doubleday & Co. 320 pp.; 800 illus., 160 in full color, 160 in two colors. $14.95.

SHIPS AND SEAMEN. A Pictorial History from the Vikings to the Present Day. By Christopher Lloyd. World Publishing Co. 254 pp. $12.50.

The Ship, a book of Swedish design, produced in Holland, has the immaculate presentation of a ship's model, carved in teak and ivory. It is perhaps the best designed monograph of the year. The many drawings are extraordinarily clear in their vast technical complexity; the text is a perfect accompaniment. The thought, energy and handicraft that produced this book show a rare distinction of hand and mind. It is far superior to *Ships and Seamen,* a nice enough paste-up job in mediocre offset, with some interesting and unfamiliar material, but haphazardly edited and poorly reproduced.

GOLD STRIKES AND GHOST TOWNS. A photographic tour through the historic mining camps and ghost towns of California, Nevada, Colorado, Idaho, Wyoming and Montana. By Todd Webb. Doubleday & Co. 160 pp. $4.95.

A fairly interesting, modest book, with run-of-the-mill photos on every page, indifferently reproduced in offset, and most of them looking like the abandoned sets of a Western. The poetry and tragedy inherent in the sites are rarely evoked. But the book has residual value and is not expensive.

TUDOR HISTORY OF PAINTING IN 1000 COLOR REPRODUCTIONS. The complete story of painting from prehistoric caves to abstract art. Edited by Robert Maillard. Tudor Publishing Co. 325 pp. $10. ($8.50 until Dec. 31.)

One thousand postage-stamps in bad color with text to match.

DESIGNS IN NATURE. By Tet Borsig. Viking Press. 92 pp.; 80 plates. $6.95.

The most recent is an endless series starting early in the twenties with *Urformen der Kunst,* which in many ways remains the best. But this is a nice book with an absorbing introduction by

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Dr. Adolf Portmann, who has written so well on the coloration and form of animal life. Pictures are well reproduced, most against velvety black; the vegetable forms glow as if laid on velvet like Schlumberger jewels. The craftsmanship in nature is less gaudy than the Cellini of Tiffany's, although he certainly looked at it.

THE AMERICAN HERITAGE BOOK OF INDIANS. Edited by Alvin M. Josephy, Jr. Intro. by John F. Kennedy, President of the United States. Simon & Schuster. 424 pp. $15.

Somehow the plates in this fatty anthology seemed reddened up to go with the traditional hue of the noble savage. There is a much cheaper version of it, issued for children, about one-fifth as expensive (in the American Heritage Junior Library). Adults will do best with the Heritage books gotten out for junior: *Story of Yankee Whaling, Trappers and Mountain Men, Railroads in the Days of Steam, Men of Science and Invention, California Gold Rush, Naval Battles and Heroes.* At $3.50 these are all bright and acceptable.

CHRIST'S IMAGE. Text by Marcelle Auclair; translated from the French by Lionel Izod. Illus. selected by Michel Deon. Tudor Publishing Co. 140 pp. $6.95.

In his great *Varieties of Temperament: A Psychology of Constitutional Differences* (Harper, 1942), Dr. W. H. Sheldon has described how the popular Christian ikon has changed from a brunet, semi-tubercular ectomorph of the Catacombs to the blonde *Heldentenor* of *Parisfal.* A book illustrating this would be fascinating, but *Christ's Image* is not that book: cheap French offset, miserable color; another hodge-podge of text and pictures, some fair plates, but mostly bad; over-typographed; not too expensive, but a great opportunity fumbled.

MR. PULLMAN'S ELEGANT PALACE CAR. By Lucius Beebe. Doubleday & Co. 576 pp. with as many photos. $17.50.

A glowing book, massive but ingeniously organized, with brilliant illustrations well reproduced, of a fascinating aspect of American decorative art and interior design, folklore and personal fantasy. Its author has devoted a lifetime to the railroad mythos and has treated other aspects of it, but never before with such detailed information or such a wonderful collection of drawings and journalistic illustration.

THE AMERICAN MUSE. A Story of America in Painting, Poetry and Prose. By Henri Dorra. Foreword by Hermann Warner Williams, Jr. Viking Studio Book. 164 pp. $10.

Your hapless researcher asked four booksellers to tell him why this book was published. No. 1: "It's nice for people at the U.N. to send back to Europe." No. 2: "It's a sorta off-beat gifte-booke." No. 3: "It's only ten dollars and all those plates." No. 4. "I don't know." Nor do I.

THE COUNCILS. By Leonard von Matt. Text by Burkhart Schneider, S. J. Henry Regnery Co. 14 pp. of text; 89 plates. $7.

A visual history of the twenty General Councils of the Roman Catholic Church; an excellent choice of pictures, an eloquent text by a learned Jesuit; gracious, clean and inexpensive presentation. This is a most rewarding gift for anyone interested in church history, and the art and architecture which accompanied the growth of the Papacy.

WALL STREET. A Pictorial History. By Leonard Louis Levinson. Ziff-Davis. 376 pp.; illus. $17.50.

A sensibly arranged visual essay on the famous street. The nature of the site does not allow for much artistic interest or visual variety, but the book is a lively and interesting present for somebody who works there.

WHAT'S GOT YOUR *BACK UP? Cartoons by Bill Mauldin.* Harper & Bros. 146 pp.; 145 reproductions in black and white. $3.95.

Bill Mauldin is no Daumier, but then neither are Low or Vicky, his only two competitors. Yes, there's Herblock, who doesn't draw nearly as well as the first three, and whose analytical irony is a

Tribute

From: *France-Soir;*
Thursday,
October 12, 1961.

Having been bells for so long and nobody listened
The leaves are falling in the waiting room
Having been ringing since April which I
Remember well it was
Late it seemed poor if we had only known
It was soon
Gone down the corridor bearing with it
Our own footsteps whoever we were we went on
Waiting if we had known
At the other
End of six months of ignorance the thumb held
Head downward
Screams

"a child has been born without eyes

Unto us a child is born

wife of an eminent Italian surgeon

With our future in its sockets
With our apple in its
With the wands of denial over it weaving
Their wish
With the weight machines we
Have chosen to represent us continuing
To predict the past
I am trying to remember
What it is like
That age now
The sun goes down we do not even share
The same darkness

last April

Who should we thank

after a visit to

Great
Eyes
On high
Leading each other
I

a Soviet atomic center when she was several months pregnant

Supply thee with honor which thou art short on
I supply thee with a mirror a face

heads of the Italian atomic energy commission rejected, in a violent communique, the possibility of the eyeless child having been born as a consequence of a mere visit to an atomic center

this evening as the discussion begins it is being denied most categorically that

during her tourist's trip through Russia

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sledge hammer compared to a scalpel. As far as actual delineation goes, Mauldin draws quite well enough; he understands the human figure and stylizes it far less than do most cartoonists. As good drawings, those on pages 3, 7, 61 and 145 of this scintillating collection are really observed. Mauldin is the Mark Twain of our caricaturists, who was capable of both *Huck Finn* and *The Mysterious Stranger*. His hand is almost delicate; one suspects he has some pretty good life drawings stashed away in a cupboard. And in our Epoch of Psychopaths, which has superseded the Age of Anxiety, how elegant middle-style honesty is: not the Grand Style, or the Indignant Style. Just decency.

THE BEST REMAINING SEATS. The Story of the Golden Age of the Movie Palace. By Ben M. Hall. Foreword by Bosley Crowther. Clarkson N. Potter. 266 pp.; as many pictures. $15 ($12.50 pre-Christmas).

A fascinating book. One by one, our great movie palaces disappear. The Center was first to go, but when it was built the phenomenon was in its decadence and little was lost. But with the destruction of the Roxy, grandeur vanishes; it is appropriate that the Roxy in all its glorious red and gold serves as the frontispiece for this fine study. Americans are puritans still about any building that is not purely shelter. Decoration is indecent, unless it is a clinical irritation of a surface. But the movie palace had the function of framing ephemeral entertainment with a substantial prestige in splendor; substantial and eternal — like plaster and thirty years. The photographs are worth the price, but the text is also acute and droll.

GREAT HOUSES OF EUROPE. Edited by Sacheverell Sitwell. Photographs by Edwin Smith. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 320 pp. $19.95.

Mr. Sitwell has, by his own confession, seen almost every beautiful object in our wide world, and has written much about most of them. Oddly enough, it may well be that it is not his writing that will be remembered but rather his taste, which is incomparable, as the last gasp of the eighteenth-century English amateur. Mr. Sitwell is a conscientious observer, and when he investigates a limited area, as here, the justice of his juxtapositions, the splendor in his choice, his information and readiness to make comparison, come into brilliant play. There are famous houses here, but many quite unfamiliar from Germany, Portugal, Russia and even France. A huge package of splendor.

Picture Collecting

SIXTEEN TO SIXTY. Memoirs of a Collector. By Louisine W. Havemeyer. Privately printed for the Family of Mrs. H. O. Havemeyer and the Metropolitan Museum of Art. 267 pp. (Available to Museum Members.)

Imagine the Sweet Singer of Michigan, Amanda McKittrick Ros (author of "Irene Iddesleigh"), and the contralto, Florence Foster Jenkins, combined in one person, as an art collector named Louisine. We may laugh, but she was responsible for the greatest of the nineteenth-century French pictures at the Met. It is a great pity that this marvelous book is not available to the general public; there are so many quotable passages, so much thrilling adventuring in studios and collections. In the essay on Manet for example:

> Who but Manet could have done it? [*Olympia*] The critics gnashed their teeth at the problem he offered. "It can't be done," they cried; "it is not Art." "Why not?" said Manet who enjoyed the fun. "These Negresses, and black cats, and flowers in white paper, and nudes on sheets." And he added, snapping his fingers: "I have done it. It is my academic [*sic*], and what is more, one day it will hang in the Louvre. . . ." Thus Manet left his critics stampeded at the bridge and quietly returned to his studio to prepare a fresh surprise for them. . . . Strange to say, I never met him.

But she met Mary Cassatt and we are very grateful for the introduction.

ART AS INVESTMENT. How to buy and sell works of art for profit and pleasure. By Richard H. Rush. Prentice-Hall. 418 pp. $10.

Faces
Adults only
I supply thee with thee I lend thee
My ears cheap what's it like
Like that
Above
What's it like believing
In thyself tomorrow likewise
Believing in thee

Here below
Tomorrow the bells will abandon the steeples
Tonight here below
In thy pocket
I can hear at a little distance on somebody's
I think it's a radio
The rain dividing
Its dose
The world must be made safe for
Us by making it
What's it like

had visited an atomic center

Minister of Hygiene

A forehead that never goes out
A position of wisdom
The view beyond
The straight dope and the ditch
Art thou

No worse than us

Little white
Rain

announcing that the index of radioactivity in the atmosphere over Italy had already reached the danger mark"

What are we giving us for what we are
Giving us
What are we paying out
Children for when it is already
Night on the coin
Both sides

Whose is this
Image.

W. S. Merwin

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"You can make a fortune collecting art." Mr. Rush, in unique (and you can say that again) style, tells us of the twelve schools of art that history has given the inventor. "Although Ryder left about 150 paintings, he was copied more than any artist with the exception of Corot. It is reported that one collector possessed no fewer than 2,400 Corots, all fakes. . . . Time has dulled the paintings of Ryder, but, under the old varnish there may well be the art of one of the great modern geniuses." Mr. Rush is nearly as funny as Mrs. Havemeyer; but she did know some great painters and bought some great paintings, and for our pleasure and profit. This book is a riot, but $10 is a bit much for a bad joke.

Pictorial Reference

LIFE PICTORIAL ATLAS OF THE WORLD. By the Editors of *Life* and Rand McNally. Distributed by Rand McNally. 600 pp.; 440 in color. $30.

Possibly the worst and most expensive pictorial album in many years. Purporting to be an atlas, co-sponsored by a firm of responsible map-makers, it is chiefly color plates from *Life's* files of the natural wonders with which you are quite familiar, plus a disproportionately detailed gazetteer. If compared with the magnificent *World Geographic Atlas*, designed by Herbert Bayer and distributed gratis by the Container Corporation in 1953, or with the one- or five-volume edition of the (London) *Times* atlas, this heavy deal proclaims its uselessness.

A PICTORIAL HISTORY OF MUSIC. By Paul Henry Lang and Otto L. Bettmann. Norton. 250 pp.; over 600 illus. $10.

A cleverly arranged, general visual progression by Paul Henry Lang, the superb scholar of Columbia University and critic-journalist of the New York *Herald Tribune*. Professor Lang, with the possible exception of Joseph Kerman of Princeton, seems the only working critic in this country (Virgil Thomson doesn't write criticism any more) who knows and even likes the whole world of music and can transmit enthusiasm and information with illuminating reference, striking examples and brilliance of formulation. And his pictures, assembled with the assistance of the director of the Bettmann Archive, are good.

THE GOLDEN ENCYCLOPEDIA OF ART. By Eleanor C. Munro. Golden Press. 300 pp.; 300 color plates; 350 black-and-white illus. $12.95.

A nice, cheerful, not too expensive gift for moderately intelligent teen-agers, who don't know anything about art, nor what they like. It might stimulate the brighter ones and can't harm the duller. It is big, flashily colored, has variety, some information and is painless to skim.

THE DAWN OF CIVILIZATION: The First World Survey of Human Cultures in Early Times. Edited by Stuart Piggott. Thames and Hudson. 405 pp.; 940 illus., 172 in color; 110 original reconstructions; 645 photographs and drawings; 48 maps and chronological charts. $23.50.

Perhaps the best edited, produced and most exciting pictorial survey of the year, with excellent articles by lively experts. Fine plates are clearly attached to accompanying text, and good reconstructions avoid entirely the vulgarity of *Life's* habitat-group treatment of archaeology. In every way a fascinating and desirable book, not expensive for what you get.

Early in the New Year, we shall publish an essay by Mr. Kirstein on recent books dealing with the arts of the Near and Far East.

What Is a Prose Poem?

Denise Levertov

THE PROSE POEM is a genre taken for granted in Europe; scarcely existing in England; and which has thrived in America. The term is perhaps unfortunate, suggesting something undecided; but what other name exists for prose pieces shorter than short stories, longer than aphorisms, having reverberations beyond those of the simple anecdote, charged with an intensity unallied to the didactic purpose of fable, and of a range that includes, for instance, Baudelaire, Kafka, the Hasidic tales, and Sherwood Anderson?

How does one distinguish the prose poem from prose or from poetry? What *is* it? Here is my attempt at a short definition:

1. It is a short work complete in itself and highly charged with layers of meaning, as is a poem. (Let us not forget Pound's valuable "Dichten=Condensare.")

2. The mark of a good prose poem is that one does not wish it were written otherwise—as prose or as poetry; it does not strike one either as overblown prose or as a poem *manqué*: it satisfies as a thing in itself.

3. It may or may not have a rhythmic structure more strongly marked than that of plain prose; but when it does, the rhythms differ from those of poetry in being dominated, as are those of plain prose, by the sentence and the paragraph. The structure of poetry is dominated by the cadence and the phrase.

William Carlos Williams, (in *Kora in Hell* especially), Gertrude Stein, Kenneth Patchen, Sherry Mangan, are among the names that come to mind as notable American practitioners of the form. And in the days of *The Little Review* and *transition* many prose poems — good and bad — were being published. As late as 1953 *New Directions 14* carried a "Little Anthology of Prose Poetry" arranged by Charles Henri Ford. But in recent years the genre has been neglected even in the little magazines. Yet interesting and original prose poems — different in tone from those of the twenties—are written in America today. Here are a few:

A Wild Joy

A number of ancient customs are still observed in this part of the world, but none is more curious than the yearly capture of a joy.

That is, a wild one. Some are still natural in the country districts. By tradition, the whole town participates in the pursuit. Crowds come from great distances to watch, as, except for circus specimens, they know them only by description.

"Poor thing!" I said to one of the spectators. "To be tracked down like that! See how it trembles!"

He corrected me. "On the contrary, they are remarkably hardy and can survive for long periods under conditions of the greatest privation.

"What's more, they're treacherous. It's no secret that more than one great man has come to grief here, thinking he might get one for his own."

GAEL TURNBULL

What Does Love Look Like Without Clothes On?

When a door will open, love said, come in and see me, in a dream. Yes yes he will look. What does love look like without clothes on? Is it a naked woman and a naked man clothed in

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darkness? He switched on the light. His mother and father were standing there, his father in black, mother wearing her wedding dress; they look at him sternly. Are they wearing the legal clothes of love to hide love from their child? He looks more closely, it is an old wedding picture of mother and father hanging over a bed. He goes to the closet and looks in and sees mother's flannel nightgown and father's night shirt, are these another disguise to hide love from the child? When a door will close, love said, look not upon me, and he will wake and find his mother and father eating toast and drinking coffee. They are sly ones, their eyes full of code for each other, mother's hair in pincurls father needing a shave.

RUSSELL EDSON

Childhood

When I was a child I had a room of my own. My teddy bear had a room of his own. All my rag dolls had rooms of their own. I had a corridor of my own, a clothes closet of my own and ate out of my own silver porringer engraved with my name. Our gardener lived in the box hedge. In our house a large attic floated overhead on hot days inhabited by maids, mostly Irish and Scandinavian, who would descend when called.

Oh childhood! Arbors! Reminiscences! I would totter among the various planes of the front lawn moving upwards and downwards under the linden where the harebells drowned.

In the summer my grandfather would send my cousin and me into the country for picnics. The grass was always new mown. Our white table cloth was pitched in a corner of the hayfield which billowed away on all sides. So there we were, two little boys on a raft at sea, in a surf of green.

Below there were moles, earthworms, slugs, hives of underground bees, colonies of ants and whole constellations of friendly bacteria separated from each other by vast distances, scientifically speaking.

There was room for all.

ROBERT NICHOLS

Salvages: An Evening Piece

A plate in light upon a table is not a plate of hunger. Coins on the table have their own innocent glimmer. Everything about coins we obliterate in use and urgency. How lovely the silver dull disk glimmer is. Shells without remorse. The rubbd antique nickel dated 1939 Liberty portrait relief of Jefferson and, beyond, darkend with use, a grimy patina beautiful 1929 buffalo Indian Head nickel.

Bottles. An aluminum tea pot with wicker handle. A remnant length of Italian shawl worn by my grandmother in the 80's, this too increasing as beauty in dimness. The reds, ochres, blacks and once perhaps almost white natural cotton yellowd. The wearing, the long use, the discoloring. It would be becoming to beauty in words worn out. As a poetry to be discolord.

It is not the age it is the wearing, it is the reversion of the thing from its values. One nickel, then two dimes brighter, a newness, fresh-minted (yet when I look — in god we trust — it is 1944, the god is Mercury with wingd helmet; the other a bust of Deus Roosevelt roman style with sagging chin and stuck-up defiant nondescript head — this is 1957 — in god we trust). Then two nickels, the grimy ones. One shiny fifty cent piece above. (Beyond) a fourth nickel showing Monticello Pluribus Unum.

This mere ninety cents is more, is all piece by piece in art, as they are here, pieces of glimmer as rare as the mysterious chalice with faces and figures or the cast from the greek horse and rider.

Notes on use and values.

Then the litter. The gleams of silver and nickel seen as coins of light in the litter. A key, another gleam, an ancient evocation, a coin-silver spoon, a chippd cheap cup-shaped cup with gray glaze without the imperfections of beauty beautiful because it is a cup. A large brown glass bottle of vitamins that look like beans. Papers. A letter from a friend, a program in my own script black and definite (defiant) arranged over the white paper. Matches. An envelope.

In the late hour left after the history of the day, taken with a will before bedtime — how transformed the world is! The silence almost reaches us in which an original, all that has been left behind, tossed about, of us, remains.

Beautiful litter with thy gleams and glimmers, thy wastes and remains! The tide of our purpose has gone back into itself, into its own counsels. And it is the beauty of where we have been living that is the poetry of the hour.

ROBERT DUNCAN

Poetry No One Reads

Black summer trees. Sky lemon blued.
The house dead in sleep.
A far barking in the late light
I cannot understand
But jot down: Staccato of dogs.
And sometimes simply the noise of myself
Barks in the late light.

Rosamond Field

ART

Max Kozloff

ONE OF THE troubles in current efforts to credit new painters with a return to the figure is that no one had properly said good-by to it in the first place. Like a forgotten guest at a party, the figure was always hanging around, perhaps not at the place of honor or center of gaiety, but still sufficiently present to a number of people for them to recall that they had been rather neglectful. Larry Rivers, however, is a painter who feels no need to make an embarrassed welcome to the image of man —for from the start it has not been so much a guest in, but the protagonist of, his art.

Of course, what marks off Rivers at the Tibor de Nagy is not his subject matter — a host of artists have always been figurative and their work perfectly uninteresting — but that he had thrust himself into the middle of the abstract

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expressionist movement, mingled with and learned from its leading painters, suffered, as a result, a reduced efficacy in his imagery, and then had, and still has, the brass to claim an advanced, far-out position. Rivers is very much the sharp hotshot, determined to make both youngsters and elders sit up and see what real painting is all about. He made a name for himself several years ago by executing a series of nudes just sufficiently graphic in their depiction of the genital region to arouse the traditional American uneasiness about the naked body. Now he has forsaken the more obvious aspects of his montage-like composition, and his watery Cézannesque drawing, for the snappy gestures, broad spotting and painterly dash of the New York School. With his new unsentimental mood, Rivers has thus modernized his "look," while retaining an old-fashioned interest in just those appearances at the moment so innocently coming into vogue.

Not that his cockiness should disqualify Rivers, for it is neither that aloof nor impermissibly egocentric. Though possessed of an obvious manual dexterity, his paintings imply at least some element of self-justifying risk. They defy our normal way of accepting objects in that they amalgamate sometimes nostalgic, definitely associated, presences (a rejected *bar mitzvah* photograph, playing-card images, studies based on a Webster cigar label) with an impersonal, though slightly narcissistic technique. The result is a deliberate loss of motivation in the choice of included objects, and a form compromised by calling more attention to itself than it should. Rivers hopes that the sheer contrariness of this puzzle will give his work a positive accent. To recall what Jack Levine, for instance, or the English eccentric Francis Bacon do under comparable circumstances is to evoke just that disruptiveness which Larry Rivers tries to head off, simply, of all things, by acknowledging it. As for content, Rivers would have to be placed somewhere between the fierceness of De Kooning's women and the anonymous sensuality of a figure in a landscape by Bischoff or one of his confreres from the West Coast bay area. At the Tibor de Nagy, the intended effect is of a poetic blandness, suspended transiently between artifice and genuine recollection.

Yet, I, for one, don't suppose that anything of the kind has been accomplished. The flimsy, sleazy, quick-sketchy quality of Rivers' workmanship doesn't vibrate at all, and has a lazy, embryonic feel to it. (Formerly Rivers took pains to show his sensitivity, but now, its opposite.) And the speediness of the pictorial handwriting is pitched monotonously to the same note throughout, despite what variations the individual subjects, in any event always underdeveloped, might call for.

Rivers brings to mind an anecdote about another painter who also preferred not to "overfinish" his work. When his friend Antonin Proust observed Manet executing a charming notebook sketch, he exclaimed, "But Manet, you ought to finish that!" The artist stormed back, "What do you take me for, a history painter?" Rivers seems to have a similar aversion to history, even though, first, the word has completely lost Manet's nineteenth-century meaning; or second, the back of a Buick, say, or the name Kasavubu has a definite historical connotation. But you can be anti-historical and still characterize your sensations — something which Manet did, but Rivers doesn't. Instead of an optical acuteness, nervous and inventive before appearances, Rivers' improvisations present enlarged fragments of reality, muffled by the self-defeating game of "now-you-see-it-now-you-don't." Everywhere in the show the painter's casualness does not conceal an impression of glib boredom, of letting itself be hemmed in by a set of forms which does not make any inherent difference one way or the other.

Ultimately, then, his latest lack of commitment is not so different from his early sensationalism, the two being merely opposite sides of the same emotional deadness, and hence equally short of the mark.

THE atmosphere of the Janis Gallery is so institutional these days that one's normally tepid expectations are a little shocked upon entrance to the Franz Kline show. Here is a familiar figure, a classic in fact, who nevertheless bursts out from the walls with a tireless energy that screeches successfully for attention. Kline's problem, however, is how to hold it.

His enormous black calligrams are as effective as ever, flashing or streaking against the white canvas. Once again, they make one reflect that Kline, practically alone among the important painters of his generation, holds to an unswerving kineticism, which does not truck with mere ingratiating sensuality. (At least his surfaces don't; his contours are pleasurably cut, despite themselves.) Still, no one will accuse Kline of having made, or being interested in, new formal discoveries or of showing any organic development in his art for a long time. To be sure, he will re-mantle or rather knock his ponderous structures about from canvas to canvas, but in a punchy way, mechanical for all its awkwardness.

Naturally, Kline's work springs out of a principle arrived at long before serious doubts about its exhaustibility had even been conceived. But he is now to be blamed for refusing to be affected or afflicted by them — the only sensitive response to a changed environment. Kline's authority, therefore, if not false, is hermetic. He preserves it even when he knows that authority is a poor match for live, self-expanding perception. It is as if a record of a magnificent concerto had gotten stuck at the thump of the tympani. (His little color exercises are very naive, and nothing, as yet, to watch.) Of course, all one needs to re-experience some respect for Kline is to evoke the greasy, pomade slickness of the Frenchman Soulages: the hoarseness of our American will instantly please. Yet, having influenced literally thousands of impressionable young painters with his free-swinging gestures, he still saw that no one was blatant enough to copy his give-away black-and-white format. There was nothing for it, then, but for Kline to do so himself.

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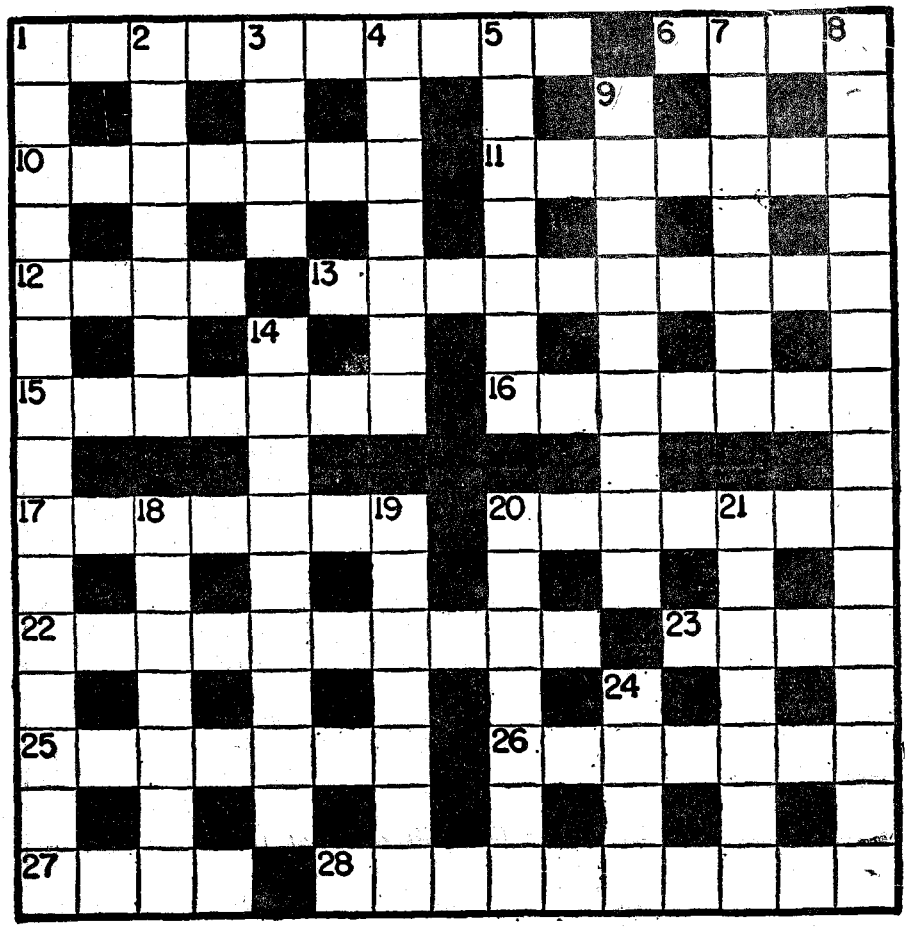
Crossword Puzzle No. 942

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 Fungo bat, or a knowing hitter? (10)
6 This should be a neat way to take advantage. (4)
10 Bar sound? (7)
11 They might cause structural weakening, as rains do. (7)
12 In an elevated position, as the long-suffering might be put. (4)
13 Gloomy. (10)
15 Stretchers for young animals? (7)
16 Certainly not peaceful studies! (7)
17 Pan-like? (7)
20 Bourbon likely to be one. (7)
22 A Pullman wit? (Might have been involved in plain travel.) (5, 5)
23 What makes Rachel sick at heart? (4)
25 Antonym of "gives out"? (7)
26 View, perhaps. (7)
27 What one might do to check evidence. (4)
28 The so-called innocent. (10)

DOWN:

1 More light? (6, 4, 5)
2 See 14 down
3 Rest for the street musician? (4)
4 Animal hair surrounds the middle of 27. (7)
5 Saw the classical waters rise around the animal. (7)
7 Convert into cash, as you might understand. (7)
8 Torn-up German streets, as the soldiers found. (6-9)
9 Have confidence in the act—it should convey something. (5, 4)
14 and 2 What "Auld Lang Syne" might usher continually. (4,2,3,4,3)
18 Put a name on the roll of Indonesian language. (7)
19 One way to make a bow. (7)
20 Keep the craft from sinking, or leave it if it is. (4, 3)
21 It evidently came just before the fall of Rome. (7)
24 March in (or out) like this. (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 941

ACROSS: 1 Correspondent; 10 Watts; 11 Episcopal; 12 Overrides; 13 Solos; 14 Rosetta stone; 19 Control tower; 22 Avers; 24 Spherical; 25 Challenge; 26 Means; 27 Meistersinger. DOWN: 2 Outset; 3 Reservoir; 4 Speedwell; 5 Omits; 6 Ducks; 7 Napoleon; 8 Swoon; 9 Flashed; 15 Toothless; 16 Steersman; 17 Scratch; 18 Antedate; 20 Scrape; 21 Blase; 23 Silks; 24 Singe.

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